

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1865.

The street became almost impassable on account of the increasing multitude. Soldiers were summoned to clear the way. How strange the event! The President of the United States—he who had been hated, despised, maligned above all other men, living, to whom the vilest epithets had been applied by the people of Richmond—was walking their streets, receiving thanksgivings, blessings, and praises from thousands who hated him as the ally of the Monarch. How bitter the reflections of it must be to some who believed in the memory of returning back, to the day in May, 1861, when Jefferson Davis, their President, entered the city—the pageant of that hour, his speech, his promise to smite the oligarch, to drench the fields of Virginia with richer blood than that shed at Buena Vista! How that part of the promise had been kept!—how their sons, brothers, and friends had fallen!—but all else predicted had failed!—how the land had been filled with mourning! how the State had become a desolation!—how their property, their hoarded wealth, had disappeared! They had been invited to a gorgeous banquet; the fruit was fair to the eye, of gold, hue and beautiful; but it had turned to ashes. They had been promised a place among the nations, a position of commanding influence and fame. Cotton was the king of kings, and England, France, and the whole civilized world bow in humble submission to his Majesty. That was the promise; but now their king was dethroned, their government overthrown, their friends and their leaders driven from home and forced to wander upon the earth. They had been promised affluence, Richmond was to be the metropolis of the Confederacy, and Virginia the all-powerful State of the new nation. How terrible the cheat! Their thousand-dollar bonds were not worth a penny. A million dollars would not purchase a dinner. Their money was valueless, their slaves were freemen, the heart of their city was eaten out. They had been cheated in everything. Those whom they had trusted had given them the unkindest cut of all—adding arson and robbery to their other crimes. Thus had they fallen from highest anticipation of bliss to deepest actual woe. The language of the Arch-Rebel of the universe, in "Paradise Lost," was most appropriate to them:—

"In this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat,
That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light?"

Abraham Lincoln was walking their streets; and, worst of all, that plain, honest-hearted man was recognized by the "niggers" as human beings by returning their salutations! The walk was long, and the President halted a moment to rest. "May de good Lord bless you, President Lincoln!" said a small negro removing his hat, and bowing with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat, and bowed in response; but they are so plain as not to need the support of names. The infant must not be handed over to be suckled by the wolf, but carefully nursed by its parent; and since the Republic is the parent of Emancipation, the Republic must nurse the immortal infant into maturity and strength. It is the Republic that at the beginning took up this great work. The Republic must finish what it began; and it cannot err on this occasion, if, in anxious care, it hold nothing done so long as anything remains undone. It is the Republic, which, with matchless energy, hurried forward its armies until it conquered. The Republic must exact "security for the future," without which this unparalleled war will have been waged in vain.

It is the Republic which to-day, with one consenting voice, commemorates the murderous deed. The same Republic, prompt to honor him, must require that his promises to an oppressed race be maintained in all their integrity and completeness, and the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment by the requisite proportion of States being as certain as the continued existence of the Nation, it seemed to me that the holding of an Anti-Slavery Convention could be of no possible practical advantage, while its proceedings might be but too likely, judging from recent experiences, to reflect little credit on the glorious cause now swallowed up in victory. The Board of Managers, however, by a majority of one, voted to hold the meeting. The Society it represents, though its function is ended by the accomplishment of its object, having yet technical existence until its business affairs can be wound up, as its President I am here to perform the formal duty which has always attached to that office. That duty performed, my business here is at an end, as I do not propose being a member of the Convention. It is now for the Convention to take such measures as it sees fit to effect its organization.

Want of space compels us to pass over other scenes,—the visit of the President to the State House,—the jubilant shouts of the crowd,—the rush of freedom into the capital grounds, where, till the appearance of their deliverer, they had never been permitted to enter,—the ride of the President through the streets,—his visit to Libby Prison,—the distribution of bread to the destitute,—the groups of heart-broken men amid the ruins, who beheld naught but ruins,—a ruined city, a ruined State, a ruined Confederacy,—a ruined people,—ruined hopes and expectations. And for the past, the present, and the future,—without power, influence, or means of beginning life anew—deceived, subjugated, humiliated,—poverty-stricken in everything. All that they had possessed was irretrievably lost, and they had nothing to show for it. All their heroism, valor, courage, hardship, suffering, expenditure of treasure, and sacrifice of blood had availed them nothing. There could be no comfort in their mourning, no alleviation to their sorrow.

Forget that Justice is the mightiest power of the universe, that Righteousness is eternal, and that anything short of it is transitory, than a gorged edifice with slavery for its corner-stone; but suddenly, and in an hour, their superstructure and foundation crumbled. They grasped at dominion, and sank in perdition.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

CHARLES SUMNER'S EULOGY ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Regretting that, in consequence of its great length and our limited space, we shall not be able to print the whole of the very able and eloquent eulogy on Abraham Lincoln, delivered in Music Hall before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston, June 1, 1865, we give with pleasure the concluding portion of it:—

Such fellow-citizens, is the Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln. You have discerned his simple beginnings;—have watched his early struggles;—have gratefully followed his consecration to those truths which our fathers declared; have hailed him as the twice-elected head of the Republic, through whom it was known in foreign lands; have recognized him at a period of national trial as the representative of the *unfulfilled promises* of our Fathers, even as Washington was the representative of National Independence; and you have beheld him struck down, at the moment of victory, when rebel Slaves were everywhere succumbing. Reverently we acknowledge the finger of the Almighty, and pray that all the trials may not fail, but that the promises of the Fathers may be fulfilled, so that all men shall be equal before the law, and government stand only on the consent of the governed.—two self-evident truths which the Republic announced at its birth.

Traitorous assassination struck him down. But do not be too vindictive in heart towards the poor atom that held the weapon. Reserve your rage for the responsible Power, which not content with assailing the life of the Republic by atrocious Rebellion, has outraged all laws human and divine; has organized Barbarism as a principle of conduct; has taken the lives of faithful Unionists at home; has prepared robbery and murder on the northern borders; has fired cities, filled with women and children; has plotted to scatter infection and yellow fever; has starved American citizens, held as prisoners; has menaced assassination always; and now at last, true to itself, has assassinated our President: and the responsible Power is none other than Slavery. It is Slavery that has taken the life of our beloved Chief Magistrate, and there is another triumph of Slavery to avenge. Slavery is another triumph of the law.

Fellow-citizens, your task is before you. Mourning as you do, but rejoice in life and example. Rejoice as you do, in this child of the people who was lifted so high, that Republicanism became manifest in him. Rejoice that through him Emancipation was proclaimed. Above all else to it that his constant vow is performed, and that the promises of the Presidents are maintained, so that no person in the upright form of man can be shut out from their protection. Do this, and the Unity of the Republic will be fixed on a foundation that can not fail. The cornerstone of National Independence is already in its place, and on it is inscribed the name of George Washington. There is another stone which must have its place at the corner also. This is the great birth-day Declaration of the Republic, once a promise only, at last a reality. On this stone we will gratefully inscribe the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A SOUTHERN EXPRESSION. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln found a hearty and sympathetic echo in the Chattanooga *Rebel*, published at Selma, Ala., which thus announced the atrocious crime on the 20th ult.

“William H. Seward, the cold-blooded and heartless political miscreant, who guided the infernal policy which plunged us into this bloody and desolating war, has been arrested by an angry God in the midst of his iniquities, and has paid the penalty of his crimes at the hands of an unknown assassin.

“Abraham Lincoln, too, the political mountebank and professional joker, whose nature intended for the ring of a circus, but whom a strange streak of popular delusion elevated to the Presidency—he, also, has fallen. His career was as short as it was bloody and infamous. He has gone to answer before the bar of God for the innocent blood which he has permitted to be shed, and his efforts to enslave a free people.”

And how shall these ideas be saved? At this moment all turns on the colored suffrage in the rebel States. *This is now the point of national safety.* A mistake on this point is worse than the loss of a battle. And yet here again we encounter the Rebellion in all its odious pretensions, hardly less audacious than when it took up arms. Around its expiring camp-fires already gather its old supporters plotting how still to preserve their oligarchical power.

The argument for the colored suffrage is overwhelming. It springs from the necessity of the case, as well as from the rights of man. This suffrage is needed for the security of the colored people; for the stability of the local government; and for the strength of the Union. Without it there is nothing but insecurity for the colored people, instability for the local government, and weakness for the Union, involving of course the national credit. Without it the Rebellion will break forth under a new *alias*, unarmed it may be, but with white votes to take possession of the local government and wield it at will, whether at home or in the national councils. If it is said that the colored people are unfit, then do I say that they are more fit than their recent masters? or even than many among the “poor whites.” They have been loyal always, and who are you, under any pretence, to exalt the prejudices of the disloyal above the rights of the loyal? Their suffrage is needed for every man, who is not a murderer, a mosquito, or saboteur. An English statesman, after the acknowledgement of the Spanish Colonies as Independent States, boasted that he had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. In similar spirit, we too must call a new ballot into existence in order to redress that tyranny which will not learn the duty of justice to the colored race.

The same National authority that struck down Slavery must see that this other pretension is not permitted to survive; nor can there be any doubt that the authority which struck down Slavery is competent to this kindred duty. Each is a part of that great policy of justice through which alone can peace be made permanent and immutable. Nor can the Republic shirk this remaining duty without leaving Emancipation unfinished, and the early promises of the Republic unfilled. Vain is the gift of Liberty if you surrender the right of the freedmen to be judged by the recent asserters of property in man. Burke, in his speech, says that what ever such people did as this subject was “arrant trifling, and notwithstanding its plausible form, amounts what he calls ‘the executive principle.’” These words of warning have been adopted and repeated by two later statesmen, George Canning and Henry Brougham; but they are so plain as not to need the support of names. The infant must not be handed over to be suckled by the wolf, but carefully nursed by its parent; and since the Republic is the parent of Emancipation, the Republic must nurse the immortal infant into maturity and strength. It is the Republic that at the beginning took up this great work. The Republic must finish what it began; and it cannot err on this occasion, if, in anxious care, it hold nothing done so long as anything remains undone. It is the Republic, which, with matchless energy, hurried forward its armies until it conquered. The Republic must exact “security for the future,” without which this unparalleled war will have been waged in vain.

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NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

SUMNER'S EULOGY ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This admirable discourse, a small portion of which appears in preceding columns, of course attracted an audience to the full capacity of the Music Hall, leaving outside, of necessity, six times that number who would gladly have heard it. It spoke well, and honorably, and truly, and with great praise, and with just discrimination, of its illustrious subject. We now know more of Mr. Lincoln than we ever did before, though new facts in his life will yet be brought out by the labors of the historian. But some things which before were obscure are now made plain; and some things which seemed discreditable to him now, in the better light which time has cast upon them, are not only blameless, but honorable.

Among the good things said by Mr. Lincoln, which Mr. Sumner's discourse will bring to the memory of many, and the knowledge of more, were his emphatic utterances in his famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas, in regard to the Declaration of Independence. He first maintained in general the truths of its Preamble, saying—If this doctrine we not true, let us tear it out of the Declaration! Cries of no! no! being raised—Let us stick to it then! Let us stand firmly by it then!

When Mr. Douglas followed this speech with the objection that adherence to this doctrine by our fathers would have conferred political rights and privileges on the negro, and elevated him on an equality with the white man,” Mr. Lincoln said, in reply—“I adhere to the Declaration. If Judge Douglas and his friends are not willing to stand by it, let them come up and amend it. Let them make it read that all men are created equal except negroes.”

Words like these, Mr. Sumner well says, must be gratefully remembered.—C. K. W.

NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

At 10 o'clock, on Wednesday, May 31st, EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., called the meeting to order with the following regards:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In compliance with established custom, as President of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, I have the honor to initiate the organization of this Convention by calling it to order. The duty of calling the New England A. S. Convention has always been entrusted to the Board of Managers of that Society, as well as that of making the necessary arrangements for it. When the question of issuing a call for this Convention came before that Board, I opposed and voted against this measure. My reasons were that our colored friends had no right to be excluded from the colored troops and the emancipated slaves, was introduced to the audience and warmly received. I spoke but briefly.

HON. HENRY WILSON reiterated the assurances he had so often given of standing firmly for the equal rights of the colored men of the South. He replied briefly but forcibly to some sneering remarks concerning himself of the Springfield *Republican*, a paper always ready to imagine wrong of an abolitionist, and to put obstructions in the way of equal and exact justice. Mr. Wilson announced that he was preparing a *Personal Liberty Bill*, designed to protect in the fullest manner the rights and liberties of every citizen, of every race and color, throughout the country,—which he offered should at the earliest possible opportunity after the meeting of the next Congress.

The meeting was deficient, it seemed to us, in one respect. It should have taken some action in regard to President Johnson's plan of reconstruction in North Carolina,—a plan which met with the general disapproval of all the speakers. A respectful but unequivocal remonstrance to the President on the subject would undoubtedly have received a unanimous vote, which coming from such vast and intelligent meeting, could not fail to do good. In omitting it, it seems to us a great opportunity was lost.—S. M. JR.

BOSTON, June 2, 1865.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—One of the best meetings ever held was the one last night at Music Hall. I was very sorry you were not in town. I missed you and Mr. Phillips from the platform.

Four States were represented by noble men—Judge Bond, of Maryland, Gen. Fiske, of Missouri, Judge Kelley, of Penn., Rev. Mr. Stone, with Senator Wilson, Judge Russell, (the President,) and others of your own State; and all were in favor of the fullest equality not only for the Freedmen but for all in every State allied to them by complexion and condition. They demanded that the Bible, the Bayonet and the Ballot be put in their hands. They protested against suffrage for disloyal whites while it is denied to loyal blacks; and Gen. Fiske, who has conducted campaigns in several States, told us he never met but one treacherous negro. One speaker wanted the rebels put on probation for eight or ten years before they should be restored to full citizenship. Full equality before the law was demanded for the freedmen; and it was resolved that Freedmen's Aid Societies should work for free suffrage, and, therefore, deal out justice instead of charity.

There was one earnest solemn protest in the meeting against reconstruction on any other basis but by the whole people. The most radical and comprehensive demands were made, and cheered and responded to enthusiastically by the great audience filling floor and galleries.

The expression was as thoroughly in favor of complete justice, and was as full of sympathy, as that of the Anti-Slavery Society the day before yesterday, and went far to justify your opinion that public sentiment has overtaken us. But I remember this is the enlightened and patriotic city of Boston, and we expect much of her. Yet a noble and intellectual colored woman told me yesterday, that colored people are excluded from restaurants and other places even here. We must all work, (as said the speakers) with energy, and make negro suffrage the constant aim, and see how much can be accomplished before December.

Mr. Wilson pledged himself never to sanction President Johnson's plan of reconstruction.

Coastal Georgia have taken part in the exercises on this national day, it would have been very gratifying to me.

Yours,

CATHARINE A. F. STEBBINS.

CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the American Church Anti-Slavery Society was held in this city, as by appointment, Wednesday evening the 31st, at the Summer Street Chapel. A letter was presented, tendering his resignation as President from Rev. J. C. Webster, late of Hopkinton, now removed to Wheaton College, Ill. The resignation was not accepted, and the old board of officers was reelected, with the substitution of two new names from this city on the executive committee. The following resolutions, submitted by the Secretary, Rev. Henry T. Cheever, were discussed and adopted.

Resolved, I. That at this the seventh annual meeting of a Society designed to be the exponent of the Christian Church in regard to the sin of American slavery and the care of its victims, we naturally turn to its origin with a Convention of Christian Brethren in the city of Worcester, united in a deep conviction of the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding, and that the Churches of Christ in our land, of every denomination, should be arrayed against it as the organic and towering iniquity of the nation, in order that the Word of the Lord may have free course and glorified; and in order that the nation itself perish not by the terrible cancer which has already made such an inroad upon its constitution.

II. That we humbly bow to the sovereignty of the Supreme Ruler, who has not chosen the peaceful agency of His people, but the scourge of a wasteful civil war, to bring an end to a system of enormous

evil.

Resolved, II. That we have conquered, more than

by arms. The sword of the Archangel was less mighty than the mission which he bore from the Lord. But if the ideas which have given us the victory are now neglected; if the promises of the Declaration, which the Rebellion openly assailed, are still left unfulfilled, then will our blood and treasure have been lavished in vain. Alas! for the dead who have given themselves so bravely to their country; alas! for the living who have been left to mourn the dead;—if any relic of Slavery is allowed to continue; especially if this bloody impostor, who has pretended to be shed, and his efforts to enslave a free people.

Resolved, III. That we have

done our duty.

Resolved, IV. That we have

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Resolved, V. That we have

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Resolved, XVII. That we have

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JUNE 9.

THE LIBERATOR.

No. XXXV.

June 1, 1865.

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Poetry.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Stricken to earth, a stunned and sorrowing nation,
We lift our eyes, O Father, to thy throne;
Dashed from our pinnacle of exaltation,
In this dark hour we turn to Thee alone.

Vain is the help of man; our strong staff broken,
Our trusted leader's lofty head laid low,
Earth's last and saddest words above him spoken,
Whither but unto Thee, Lord, can we go?

Our chosen guide, to whom all eyes were turning,
Ordained of God to set his people free,
Whose priceless worth each day our souls were learning,
Fallen in the very hour of victory.

Fallen on the borders of the Land of Promise,
Our Moses, suffered not to enter in;
Our best-beloved, our chieftain, taken from us
In stern requital of our people's sin.

Alas! on many a field of exaltation,
Thousands of precious lives have been laid down
To costly sacrifice; a weeping nation,
For four long years we have worn sorrows' crown.

And thou hast strengthened us; thou, Lord, hast given
Power to do and to endure for thee;
But now from heart and arm all might seems riven;
Was there no victim would suffice but he?

Upon the altar by thine own hand built
Must this last precious offering be laid?
No treasure from the mine, tribute gilded,
But as with our own hearts' best life-blood made?

Look on your grief! Thou art a stroke had taken
On us from—while our sky was bright
With triumph's sunny hue, thy hand has shaken
Out of the firmament our orb of light.

And we—sit in darkness—true hearts clinging
About him as they never clung before,
Are crushed, and silenced now the glad prayer winging
Daily to thee, "God bless him evermore!"

Yet, 'mid our tears, we own that thou hast blessed him,
Taking him where no grief can e'er invade,
Far from the many cares that have oppressed him;
With him 'tis well, but we are sore afraid.

Cast us not off! We hold thy hand fast,
And thy eye pieth all who trust in thee,
And "the Lord God omnipotent still reigneth"—
Unto the shelter of thy love we flee.

R. A. H.

DEATH AT THE SUMMIT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, "MORTUUS PRO PATRIAM," APRIL 14, 1865.

To every man—Horatio said—
Death cometh soon or saileth late;
But only to the blow should dread
Who beg, nor dares, hit fate.

To every man some poet is given,
Where honor points, or duties call;
And if his doom is writ of heaven,
Tis there that he should fall.

No master if the strong hand held
That moment grasp of duty's hem,
Or east so soft joy the limbs enfold,
Or midslumbers whelm.

No master—so the path is clear;
No master—so the will is strong;
No master if the doom is near,
Or waits and tarries long.

To die in God's time is gain,
Whether He takes, in loving peace—
Or murderous stroke of hand and hand
Makes quick and sad surcease.

But, oh! to die with labors done—
That labor which the whole world willed,
Or with the goal so nearly won,
All told the task fulfilled—

To have gained a victor's glorious wreath,
Then crowned it with a sapphire star
Of a great mercy's trust and faith,
Brightening the worlds afar—

To know the midnight gone at last,
To see the day break clear and calm,
To know that o'er the black vale passes
The morning breathes its balm—

To stand upon the mountain's top,
Such toll just closed at such an hour,
And onward, whence God's blessing drop,
Hear man's sweep up with power—

And then and there to die! To rest!
Martyred in fame—embalmed in good!
The past (once doubted) praised and blotted,
The future understood—

No heat and burden of to-day
Stretching its visits on before—
Th' immortals scaring mortal clay,
As Moses once they bore—

Death at the summit this? Not death—
A regular apotheosis!
That men might seek with praying breath
A thousand years, and miss!

And when ye hunt his murderers down—
Men who his maniacs bumble bear—
And blast them with the nation's frown,
And limb from scurvy tear!—

Do it because the nation's pride
And God's quick justice this demand—
That never more the regicide
May lift his trembling hand.

But do it not in hot revenge
For one unfeeling by the blow,
Who at the summit found a change
That only God can know.

And when ye shroud your halls in gloom,
And raise the prayer and drop the tear,
Bear him to his Western tomb,
A nation round his bier.

Weep for the country, if ye must—
For manhood, murder-stained and dim;
But dwarf not judgment, truth and trust,
By shedding tears for him. HENRY MORSE.

PRO PATRIA MORI.

While, flushing every gladdened street,
The sudden shower of Victory blew,
And answering drums with jubilant beat
Thrashed out a Nation's joy anew:

Along the land a fiery breath
Ran, blackening all our banded bloom,
And smitten by the blast of Death,
Our paens sank in wailing gloom.

What word may suit the treacherous blow
That struck, through Man's at Freedom's life?

The hand that wrought our common woe
Held, for his Country's heart, the knife;
But sun and moon and stars shall fail,
And darken from the glittering sky,

Before a traitor's touch shall pale
Our glorious gem of Liberty!

O, dwell not on the funeral shroud
Of him whose loss we mourn to-day!
Think, rather, that a passing cloud
Has wrapt him from our sight away.

As flying mists a moment dim
The splendors of the heavenly spheres,
Before our longing gaze and tears
There falls a rain of sudden fears.

Too great, too good for death to claim,
With Washington's, his honored name
Freedom's starry flag is set.
Our dead and martyred President!

Earth's promise, epithal shall be
Ergiven one thy monument—
His crushed curse of slavery! KATE FUTSAM

THE LIBERATOR.

The Liberator.

SABBATISM IN SCOTLAND.

In some numbers of the Glasgow *Herald* (April 12th and days following) is contained the record of one of those ecclesiastical movements for the enforcement of Sabbath observance upon the community, which come up from time to time alike in England, Scotland and this country.

In the present case, the "Free Synod of Glasgow and Ayr" was the aggressive body. Its first business was hearing the report of a previously appointed Committee "On Sabbath Observance." The Committee had confined their attention to "only a few of the more grievous encroachments on the Sabbath," namely, the Sunday shop-traffic of Glasgow, (estimated to amount to 3,000 cases,) the running of Sunday omnibuses in Glasgow, and between that city and Paisley, the Sunday trips of a single steam-boat on the Clyde, and the running of Sunday trains by the North British Railway Company. These things showed, in the judgment of the Committee, "a bold and systematic attempt to set at defiance the opinion of the majority," and next, "a reckless disregard of those Biblical principles by which," &c. &c. The report suggested the following remedial measures:—First, a remonstrance from the Synod to the late Rev. Henry Greely of Philadelphia; second, a remonstrating deputation to the Magistrates of Glasgow; third, a recommendation that Presbyteries within the bounds of the Synod hold conferences and take action on the subject; and fourth, a remonstrance to the House of Commons against "the opening of the Royal Botanical Gardens of Edinburgh after the hours of divine service on Sabbath."

The report was actively debated, chiefly by Rev. Drs. Gibson and Buchanan. The former heartily approved the suggestions made, but would have wished other offences included, namely, Sunday labor in the Post Office and in newspaper offices, and also "the assaults made upon faithful ministers doing their duty in reference to the Fourth Commandment." The latter thought it "a very unhappy thing that Church Courts, in dealing with this subject, should be held up as if they were really imposing some oppressive yoke and burden upon the community." He declared the central and vital question to be this—"Is there a Sabbath or not?" He proceeded to make the astonishing assertion, in direct conflict with both the Old and the New Testaments, that "there is no Sabbath outside of the Christian Church; there never was, and there never will be a Sabbath outside of the Christian Church"; and then (assuming that there is a Christianly appointed Christian Sabbath) he went on to say—"If God has made Christian ministers the conservators of that Sabbath, candid men must admit that that is a question which those who bear rule in the Church must deal with."

A certain moderate and limited dissent from the spirit of these proceedings appeared in the debate. Statements were made in vindication of the necessities and rights of newspaper offices, and it appeared that among the clergy themselves there was a difference of opinion about the needful kind, or degree, of Sabbath observance. Dr. Gibson was sorry to say that "there are ministers of the Gospel in this city (hear, hear) who come forward, and boldly exhort and encourage the people to walk on the Sabbath." (Hear, hear.) Mr. Somerville said that "what weighed most heavily on his heart was that persons clothed with the office of the ministry had come forward in this city, and made statements that he feared it would take a great deal to efface." Nevertheless, the Synod unanimously adopted the report, and proceeded to put in train the several measures recommended in it.

Comments upon these debates and proceedings were made in subsequent numbers of the Glasgow *Herald*, first, by a reporter, in a light and easy style, and with a free use of the *argumentum ad hominem*, really very much as Burns might have written on the same subject, and afterwards in two serious editorial articles, vindicating the press, gently touching upon marks of weakness or ignorance in the speeches of the advocates of Sabbathism, quoting Calvin and Luther in opposition to them, and pointing out the very extensive interference with the industries and habits of civilized society (including the habits of the families of the Reverend gentlemen themselves) which a consistent carrying out of their line of proceedings would involve.

Both these methods of treating the matter in question are legitimate, and to a certain extent effective. But they both make the great mistake (in my judgment) of leaving the enemy's *citadel* untouched. A mistake the more unfortunate, since that citadel is wholly incapable of defense, maintains its appearance of strength only through the impudent pretences of its garrison, and can be carried, by the resolute assault of intelligent men, at any moment. Nay, the Editor makes a still worse mistake, in admitting these impudent false pretences to be true and just. To Dr. Buchanan's test-question—"Is there a Sabbath or not?"—he mistakenly answers—"Of course nobody replies in the negative." But to reply in the negative is precisely what he ought to have done; what everybody ought to do who is approached, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, with the assumption that God requires of Christians any Sabbath observance, especially any observance of the Fourth Commandment Sabbath of the Hebrew decalogue.

The question proposed by Dr. Buchanan is in fact the proper, the central, the vital question, upon the answer to which this whole matter turns. "Is there a Sabbath or not?" Of course the Doctor means to ask—is there a day appointed by God to be observed by Christians, by Gentiles, by all men, as a Sabbath? The proper answer to this question is—No! There is not a particle of evidence showing that God has appointed such a day. And as to the Bible, not only does it contain no such command, or recommendation, or specification, but the very contrary is made manifest by those portions both of the Old and New Testaments which speak of a Sabbath.

A very few words will give the key by which any one who chooses to turn to the Bible for evidence may assure himself of the truth of the above assertions.

While the children of Israel were making their long journey through the wilderness, Moses appointed a certain day (the seventh day of the week, now called Saturday,) to be observed as a Sabbath, literally a *rest-day*, by them, the sole duty of which consisted in refraining from travel and bodily labor. This, he told them, was a command of Jehovah, their God, and their faithful observance of it was to be "a sign between Him and them," serving, like the Hebrew circumcision, to mark and perpetuate the distinction between them and other nations. Shortly after, when they had arrived at Mount Sinai, the same command, involving the same duty and no other, (and imposing it upon the same people and no other,) was solemnly incorporated with the portion of the Hebrew law called the Ten Commandments. And the Hebrews, in obedience to that law, still observe Saturday as a Sabbath by refraining from bodily labor and travel.

This was (and is) a Jewish law. By all means let the Jews obey it until they consent to receive a better. But what says the Christian law, recorded in the New Testament, in regard to this matter of a Sabbath?

The law that now stands in force is, that a Sabbath is to be observed on the first day of the week, Saturday.

It says that for Christian converts from Judaism the Jewish law (including the law of Sabbath observance, not only in general, but by specification,) is abrogated.

Gentiles, of course, never having been under the Jewish law, had never had a Sabbath required of them. And the Christian law, which became, alike to converts from Judaism and paganism, the supreme code, contained no requisition whatever for the observance of any Sabbath whatever.

Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. The Jews observe Saturday as a Sabbath, being required to do so by their Mosaic law. Let them do so while they remain Jews. The members of various churches observe Sunday as a Sabbath, being required to do so by the Republic must teach

their church laws. Let them do so while they think it well to remain members of such churches. But God has never required anybody to observe Sunday as a Sabbath, and whoever represents Him as doing so should be required to prove his assertion by Scripture evidence, and in failure of that to retract his claim. He cannot prove it, because Jesus and Paul teach the opposite doctrine both by words and deeds. If on debating the matter with this evidence before him, he will not retract the claim, he should be treated as an impostor, speaking falsely in the name of God, and impudently trying to impose a yoke of bondage upon God's children.

As to the misrepresentations of the clergy of various churches have grievously misled the people in regard to the doctrine of a Sabbath, it may be well to point out some of the treatises which have made this matter clear and plain, by the testimony of Scripture, reason and history.

Our Scotch friends have within their reach (I presume) the most thorough and exhaustive work ever written upon this subject, namely, an octavo volume by Robert Cox, and published at Edinburgh in 1853 by Macmillan and Stewart, entitled—"Sabbath and Sabbath Duties, considered in relation to their natural and Scriptural grounds, and to the principles of Religious Liberty."

Two works in this country, in shorter space, give a thorough demonstration on the same point. One is a tract of twenty-three pages, called "The Sabbath," by the late Rev. Henry Greely of Philadelphia; the other is a duodecimo volume, published also in Philadelphia, in 1853, by A. Hart, and written by William B. Taylor, called—"The Obligation of the Sabbath."

Each of these makes the truth plain beyond

that it can still stand and spare those who strike at its head. America must give proof to the world of her better institutions. She must manifest to the world her better spirit. Now that the eyes of the world have been drawn on her, now that the gaze of all men has been arrested by this murder of her First Citizen, now that every glance is strained to see how she will bear herself towards those who did the deed, she must set the long-needed, all-potent example of a great forgiveness! It will be a stain on her magnanimity through all time to let the opportunity pass. She can never remove from her honor the tarnish and blot of unended blood. A million of dollars would I bestow, had I the money, to her give this great example for mankind. Blessings, forever, on America as she does the deed!

WE prove to our own satisfaction that more can and will be produced in eight than in ten hours a day—that wages will never be permanently increased until the hours of labor are reduced—that more will be consumed, and that more will be employed in productive labor—that no disturbance to Capital will result—that the true relation of Capital to Labor will be better understood by both parties—that idleness, crime, ignorance and folly will be vastly diminished—and that the motives for enterprise and invention will be multiplied.

WE claim that reducing the hours of labor to ten in 1850 saved us a year of English intervention in 1862; and that if the eight hour system were to day-to-day adopted all over the United States by those who EMPLOY labor, our National Debt would be paid from five to ten years sooner than is possible by ordinary taxation.

The masses cannot exercise much power over their circumstances until they have more knowledge. Buckle says, "Without leisure there can be no knowledge." A little wealth first made a little leisure possible: from that leisure came a little knowledge; that knowledge enabled men to produce wealth faster, which gave more leisure again. Leisure follows Wealth, Knowledge follows Leisure, and Wealth follows Knowledge again. Wealth, Leisure and Knowledge are to succeed each other, until in all probability, the production of wealth will reach the point of enough physical exercise merely, to keep the body in excellent condition. John Stuart Mill says:

"If the bulk of the human race are always to remain as at present, slaves to toil in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest—drudging from early morning till late at night for bare necessities, and with all the intellect and moral deficiencies which that implies—without resources either in mind or feelings—without a home, without a wife, without children, self-sufficient, for all their thoughts are required for themselves; without interests or sentiments as citizens and members of society, and with a sense of injustice ranking in their minds, equally for what they have not, and for what others have; I know not what there is which should make a person, with any capacity of reason, concern himself about the destinies of the human race."

"Elithero, it is impossible if all the mechanical inventions you made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their future to accomplish."

JOHN STUART MILL.

Blairstown, Iowa, May 24, 1865.

N. B. Please, Editors of papers, copy the above, and let there be universal discussion. J. T.

A WORD FOR JEFF. DAVIS.

When we consider of how great an amount of human misery this wicked man has been the author, that he was the very spirit and genius of the rebellion and the supposed instigator of the death of President Lincoln, a high and vain-glory boaster, one who would, had the power fallen into his hands, have exacted the utmost severity of punishment upon the friends of the Union, it requires the greatest effort of Christian forbearance to offer a word in behalf of his life. But if we are to accept the doctrine of Jesus Christ, we must also extend to this chief malefactor that pity and forgiveness which the Saviour so beautifully exemplified in his last words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But we need not go even so far as to refrain from extreme punishment—we can afford to be merciful, and to show to our enemies, and to the civilized world, how calmly we can bear our success. It is true, we have had to deal with a merciless foe; but let us not imitate his unrelenting spirit—let us rather show our superior civilization—the difference between a people educated under free institutions and one educated under those of slavery. Furthermore, with what justness should Lee and the other chiefs in this wicked rebellion be suffered to go free, and Davis receive the punishment of death? I would advocate no policy that would allow them again to trouble us; and we have that short of the death penalty, in perpetual banishment and confiscation. Let every leader in this bloody rebellion, even should it prove to be a thousand, be banished forever from the land. Let Booth himself, to the memory of his foul act, be banished from the earth.

In the meantime, those who do not accept the present very severe state of human improvement in its ultimate type may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the kind of economical progress which excites the congratulations of ordinary politicians; we are more interested in production and accumulation.

The desirable medium is one which mankind have not often known how to hit; when they do labor, to do it with all their might, and especially with all their mind; but to devote to labor mere pecuniary gain—*few hours* *per day*, *few days* *per year*, and fewer years of life.

AS WORKING-MEN, we have nothing whatever to hope from the Daily Press of America. A joint committee of ten of the Legislature of Massachusetts had a hearing upon the Labor question at the last session, and their unanimous decision was, that the hours of labor ought to be reduced. But this was not noticed by the Daily Press; a neglect of as much significance to us, to-day, as the silence of the Church upon Slavery, thirty years ago, was to you. The Press will never hear of our movement until we force an audience.

WE claim that this is a moral lesson which no man has a moral right to ignore; that the measures which men are willing to adopt for the success of any movement affecting the health, morals, intelligence, and happiness of mankind, they cannot consistently withhold from this—whether they be moral, social, political, or religious. Among our supporters, we are more interested in production and accumulation.

We have received the end of the line—but there is still one more of the conspirators arranged in this charge. The sex which was no bar to her earnest participation in the darkest crime which stains the page of history, entitles her to a place more comfortable than that accorded her fellow criminals. In an arm-chair just